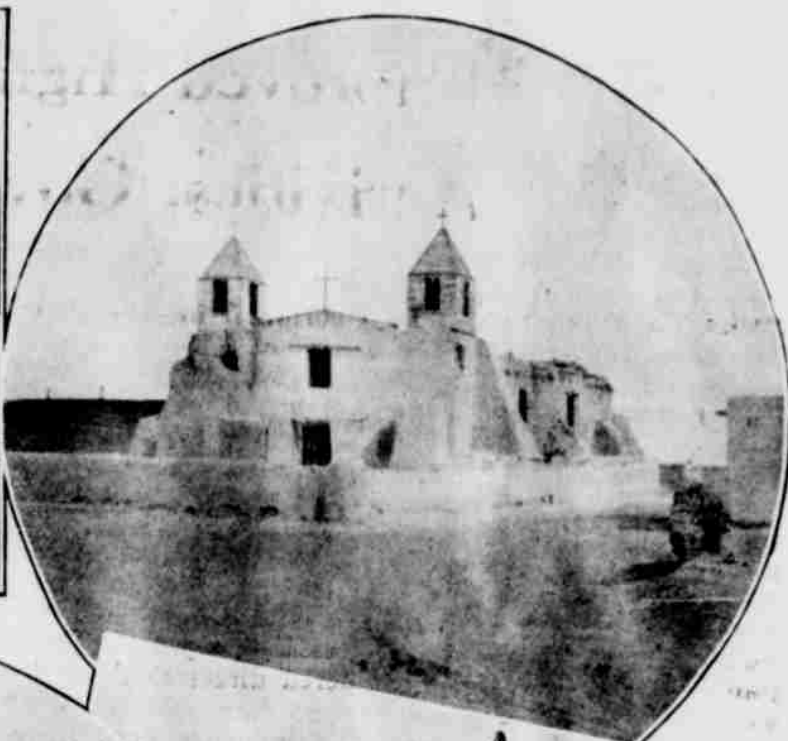
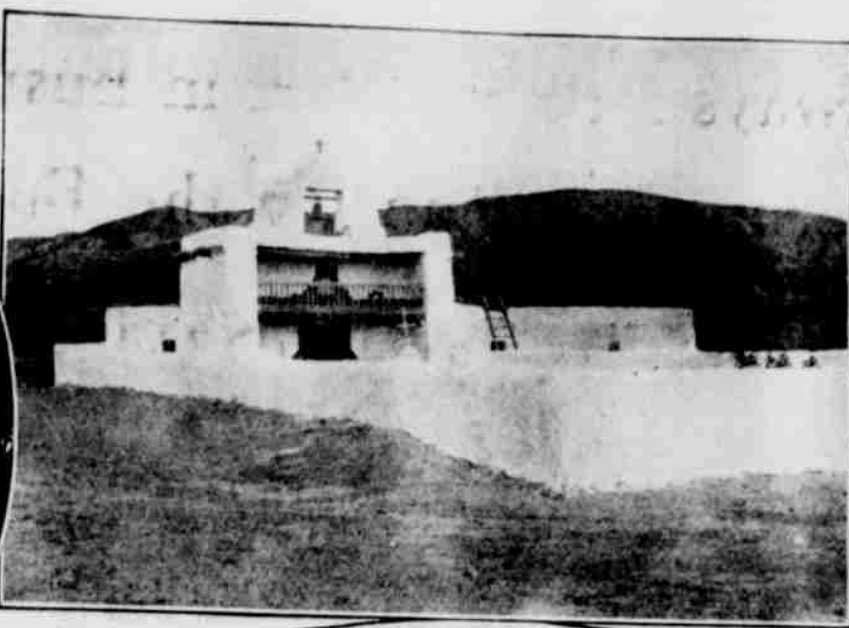
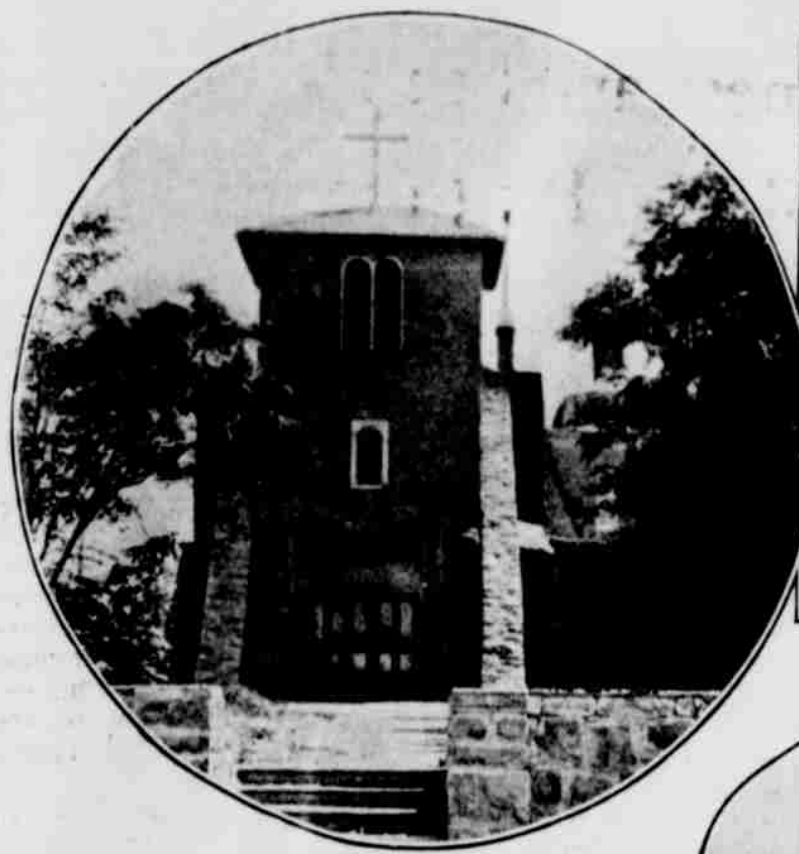


The Ancient Spanish Missions of New Mexico



Top, left—Mission church at Santa Fe, N. M., completed in 1622. Top, center—A mission church in New Mexico, erected by the Spaniards 300 years ago. Top, right—Isleta mission, New Mexico, erected about 1608. Bottom, left—Mission church in the Pueblo of Acoma, N. M., more than 300 years old. Bottom, right—Mission church at Socorro, N. M., erected by the Spaniards in the seventeenth century.

NEW MEXICO is one of the richest in history of these United States, but it is only in the past few years, or even less, that her people are waking up to the fact. It also is rich in resources, but neither the state's history nor its resources have been exploited. A few months ago, however, a state Chamber of Commerce was organized, and one of its chief objects will be to let the rest of the country know that New Mexico is in the United States and to advertise its history and its resources.

Only recently the more progressive business men of the state realized that a grievous error was being made by erasing signs of antiquity in its buildings. The ancient adobe stores and mission churches in the older towns were being modernized at a rapid rate, until it was discovered that the charm of these old buildings was lost in their modern dress, so it is altogether likely that there won't be much more modernizing.

The majority of the mission churches, notably in the Rio Grande valley, were erected by the Spaniards when they came up through Old Mexico and into New Mexico more than 300 years ago and conquered the Indians. They converted the Indians, and every Indian pueblo has its mission, or church, some of which were erected as far back as 1608. It is true the Indians turned on the first missionaries after they had been converted and slew them, but more returned and established peace once more, and the great majority of pueblo Indians have remained true to the Catholic faith ever since.

In many instances the old missions have been robbed of their antiquity through the placing of modern roofs on them, also in building façades in front, but in the pueblos, the missions remain almost in the same state they were 300 years ago, except that the walls are much thicker, for which there is an interesting explanation.

Take the mission at Isleta, near Albuquerque, for instance. The walls of this mission were originally one adobe in thickness. An adobe block is perhaps three times as wide as a brick. Now the walls are five feet in thickness.

This mission, like the others throughout the state, is the center of activities during every fiesta. The Indians like to see the mission looking well, so they "doll" up the exterior. They plaster it with fresh adobe, or in plain English, mud, for each fiesta. It is put on over the old coating each time, because the latter can't be scraped off like paint. This has been going on for ages, with the result that the walls have reached their present gigantic thickness. The same thing would happen to a frame or brick house if it were painted several times a year for 300 years, provided the old paint was not scraped off. But the adobe, or mud, used on the missions isn't black. It is of a dark, brownish hue when first applied, but it becomes lighter as it dries, until it attains nearly the color of white-wash. And it does stick where it is put.

The Isleta mission, and the pueblo itself for that matter, draws many visitors. It always is possible to get inside the mission and saunter through the rectory grounds adjoining it. The only grass or anything else green in the pueblo proper is to be seen in the rectory grounds. There the aged Spanish-American priest has peacocks, pheasants, pigeons, chickens, rabbits and a dog.

It was the former custom of the Indians to bury their dead under the mission floor, but every foot of space there now is filled. It is believed the remains of 150 Indians rest there. After the space beneath the mission became filled, the Indians began burying their dead in the mission yard, which is surrounded by a very thick adobe wall. This ground became so crowded that the authorities put a stop to burials there, and now the Indians have a little cemetery on a hillside adjoining the pueblo.

The interior of the mission is exactly the same as

when the Spaniards built it. The walls and roof are held up by enormous beams fastened with wooden pegs. The paintings representing the stations of the cross were brought from Spain, and they are now faded and worn, but are still serving their purpose.

There are only two or three pews in the mission. There also are a few benches without backs. The Indian worshippers seem to prefer squatting on the floor during services.

St. Augustine is the patron saint of Isleta, and a statue of the saint always has the place of honor during fiestas. The mission bell rings continuously all the time the statue is out. Some times the statue is borrowed for a wedding or other celebration, to bring luck, and the mission bell never ceases tolling until the statue is safely on its pedestal in the mission again.

Of course, the same beliefs and customs prevail in the other Indian pueblos, but in the towns populated by Americans and Spanish-Americans there are none

of these harmless superstitions, though they do have their fiestas.

The mission church in the pueblo of Acoma is as interesting as the others. Its walls are ten feet thick from repeated coats of adobe. This building was erected on a table rock 350 feet above the plain, which means it was a laborious job for the Spaniards and their Indian helpers, because adobe blocks weigh considerable, and they had to be carried to the top of the rock.

Considering the quaintness and historical aspects of these old missions, it isn't any wonder that the people of New Mexico are at last alive to the asset they have and are taking active steps to preserve the antiquity of the structures.

An Interesting Analogy

By FREDERICK R. BURCH

THE producing and commercial world of today is an exact replica of a steam plant, such as now furnishes power to carry on the various industries of the world. Let us select a great ocean liner, as she steams forth upon the sea (of commerce) to perform her functions in the world's activities.

The safe transport of ship and cargo from port to port, from producer to consumer, is the task to be performed. Her engine is the capital, and the steam in the boilers is the labor with which this is to be accomplished.

These forces, standing separately, are powerless. To get results there must be devised a medium of exchange, a method by which these two forces may be economically united. This link is easy of discernment and simple in construction. A comparatively small pipe, known as the steam line (the medium of exchange) connects the boilers with the engine, and the passage of the steam through this line is controlled by a valve therein called a throttle (the banks).

Thus the enormous energy in the boilers and immense capabilities of the engine will become efficient, both as to time and quantity, at the will of the engineer (the banker). The engineer can, with the slightest effort, permit that vessel to be propelled by thousands of horse power, or with very few, or shut off the power entirely. This by virtue of the fact that he has control of the medium of exchange.

During these various changes the volume of energy in the boilers has not diminished; in fact, it increases to a point of danger, averted only by a safety valve. The capabilities of the engine remain intact, but their efficient co-operation has been rendered impossible by the closing of the steam line.

In the meantime, the vessel, thus rendered helpless, drifts helplessly toward the tumultuous seas of the shoals of bankruptcy. The captain and owners of the vessel are horror-stricken. The impending disaster to their enterprise has unnerved them. They apply to the engineer for relief. He tells them that the cause of the condition is that he has become timid, as the boat had been running along too smoothly. He also could ascribe the difficulty to the fact that some one had been "meddling with his business," or "tinkering with the tariff."

Their supplications are in vain. The engineer re-

mains obdurate. One by one they are devoured by that tempestuous sea of bankruptcy and no one remains but the engineer and his minions, who have played the heroic part of the boy who "stood on the burning deck." Yet, unlike the boy, they knew they were masters of the situation at all times.

They are now owners of the entire enterprise. The time to act has arrived. The engineer, by a slight turn of the wrist, opens the throttle, thus permitting the medium of exchange to perform its function; labor and capital again unite, the great vessel steers for the open sea and comes proudly into port, bedecked from topmost peak to water line with flags fashioned from the front pages of the daily editions of a subservient press, each bearing a legend proclaiming the return of prosperity.

We, the people, go home, bolt our simple dinners, and hasten down to the opera house to hear our Congressman tell us about what he did to bring these glorious events to pass, and how fortunate we are to have an engineer of such sterling and transcendent qualities in our midst.

This picture is too beautiful to mar. Let us not sully our memory by any reference to the host of black and bloated remains that are, at this instant, being ruthlessly tossed about out there on those boisterous shoals of bankruptcy, the innocent victims of the engineer's groundless timidity or lack of confidence. Let us draw the veil.

Until sufficient of the thinking people of the world see and understand the incontrovertible analogy which exists between the open sea of the foregoing illustration and the sea of commerce; the vessel sailing the open sea and a business enterprise; the boiler and engine of the vessel and labor and capital; the steam line and money; the throttle and bank; and the engineer and banker; we will continue to take our text from the daily press, our modern gospel, and listen to the sermons of Congressmen, our modern preachers, and, being thus at peace with ourselves and our modern god (of Mammon), we will promptly proceed to outfit another vessel and send her forth in high glee, and the best of cheer, with the same old engineer in complete command of the same old throttle, and, although we cannot bring ourselves to believe it, we may well expect to have the same old results.